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[Ben Kinchlow]

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by

Mrs. Florence Angermiller, P.W.

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Range Lore and Negro

Cowboy Reminiscences

before and after 1875

UVALDE COUNTY, DIST. #15

[md;]

REFERENCE:

A. Ben Kinchlow, age 91, Mulatto who was cowboy and horsebreaker of the Rio Grande country in early days. Uvalde, Texas

[Aug 23

WORKS PROCESS?]

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“You know my mother was a slave an' was give her freedom an' sent to Mexico when I was about a year old. We stayed in Mexico all of ten years befo' we came back to this side. I went to school with a French family over there in Mexico. My mother was half-white an' my father was a white man. But, she went to work over there an' sent me to school some, but after I got to ridin', I forgot all I ever knowed about school. I don't care how rough a hoss is, if he can stand me, I sure can stand him. I can get my hoss saddled in the mornin' an' when I throw my leg over his back, I never move my legs, but ride all day like that, sittin' straight.

“I commenced workin' for McNally (Capt. McNally of the Rangers) in '72 an' worked about eighteen months. I was about nineteen years old when I joined with him an' I couldn't draw State pay because I was under age. Then when I was about twenty-one, I began punchin' cattle. For my first ridin', I broke a mule an' rode 'im bareback. I didn't care nothin' about a saddle. About the year of '75 was the time when I was into my work good. I done all kinds 2 of cow an' hoss work, but of co'se, after I got to doin' real cattle punchin', I had to have a saddle. My first job was breakin' hosses an' when I got hard down to breakin' 'em, I broke sixty-two head on one ranch for Jim Merryman. He give the “21” brand an' the Widow Burk give the brand. I don't know where they got the idea for the brands but they always figger up a brand that wont blot; separate letters, you see. Now, Mexkin brands, them's the awfullest brands you ever see. Here, now, if I can draw some of 'em is the way they look: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

“I caint remember who all the brands belonged to but Number 2. was the brand Julian Cantu give. Number 5 belonged to Balerio Solis an' Antonio Cano run Number 6. Wheneverthey wanted to describe a brand, they couldn't call it a name; they had to get down an, mark it on the ground. If a man rode up in them days to ask you if you seen sech an' sech a brand, he would have to either get down an' mark on the ground or mark on the saddle skirts.

“I used to get four-bits a head for every Maverick I roped out an' branded. You know people couldn't get out to brand up all their stock and after the calves were a year old, they were considered Mavericks. They had quit their mother, then. Yes, instead of brandin' 'em up for myself, I got four-bits a head to make the other man rich. Well, I didn't want nothin' them days but a pair of boots, a six-shooter an' a big hat. As for saddles, they was rigged with the pure old rawhide. Nearly ever'thing them days was made of rawhide. Our riatas were made of rawhide an' 3 we had another rope we used for ropin' that was called 'cabresto.' It was made out of hoss tails an' manes. The first outfit I ever had they furnished it to me. You see, we made most of it ourselves, all 'cept the old saddle tree an' we rigged it up with rawhide. We would jes' kill a big yearlin, an cut it half in two an' make our leggins. In rainy weather, we would have to commence takin' up our rawhide stirrups an' in dry weather, we'd have to begin lettin' 'em out. That's because when rawhide gets wet it stretches so bad. Anyhow, we had a pretty good outfit. We could rope any big bull or cow that come along. I wore these reg'lar old Mexkin spurs with a sort of short shank but a big rowel. I carried a .45 six-shooter. We had to wear our guns all the time an' we tucked 'em down in our belts under our leggins. We carried guns mostly for the Indians, but lots of times they was dirt done that the Indiana didn't do.

“I've been pretty close to outlaws, but I always tried to keep out of their sight if I knowed they was near. I seen Wes Hardin at Stockdale once but he was a preacher then. He was an outlaw befo' he began preachin'. Now, them Staffords an' Townsends, they was sure bad men. They would kill you right now, but they didn't make a practice of goin' aroun' an' killin' people like Billy the Kid did. But they'd sure kill you if they had a cause. About the worst killin' I ever seen in my roun's happened over in Mexico across from Brownsville. I seen a Mexkin an' Nigger run together right on the plaza an' the Nigger cut the Mexkin nearly in two with a kind of knife you call a tranchete. It had a foldin' blade with two sections an' made a kind of hook when it opened out like this: When the 4 Nigger come 'round with it in his hand, he cut the Mexkin wide open an' the Mexkin's bowels fell out. He held 'em up with his hands an' walked a whole block befo' he fell. Them was mean

knives. You know the Mexkin women used to use 'em when they follered the soldiers into battle. When the troops made an attack on a town, the soldiers went ahead an' these women — they was the soldiers' wives mostly — they came right behind 'em an' durin' the gun-fire when the troops were fightin', the women ransacked the houses. They were as dangerous an the men an' they used these tranchetes a lot.

“I don't believe I ever sold a hose of my own raisin' for less than a hundred dollars. I had a 'steal-dust' hoss named Hondo. He was a steel color. I worked cattle on him an' roped on 'im too. He was one of these single-foot hosses an' could travel seven mile an hour. He could catch a cow or hoss better'n any other animal I ever had. He was kind of bred up, part race stock. I never did start after anything I couldn't ketch on 'im. Jes' anything that stayed on the green.

“I remember one awful fast pony I had. I guess he was the fastest hoss I ever rode as a cowboy. I could ketch a cow in a hundred yards easy unless it was dense an' brushy, then it took longer. Some hosses was good after cattle an' some wasn't. I rode so many mean ones, it was all fun to me. About the meanest hoss I ever rode was when I went up the trail with Old Man Sol West. That hoss was a little bit of a black an' was in my mount. Ever' time I saddled 'im an' went to put my foot in the stirrup, he'd rear up an' fall back'ards. One day at noon when we was changin' hosses, Mr. Jim King was settin' down, up-side the 5 wagon wheel readin' a paper. I was right out in front of him foolin' with that hose an' I had a loaded quirt — an iron-handled one — an' I put my foot in the stirrup an' I had 'im kind of caught in the bit with my left hand an' my right hand on the saddle. He reared up and fell over an' when he got straight, I aimed to hit 'im over the head with the quirt an' he dodged. Well, sir, that handle of the quirt come down glancin' an' I hit 'im in the eye an' knocked it out. The eye flew away out there close to Mr. King. He never saw what took place an' I said, 'Mr. King, look here at that hoss' eye!' An' he said, 'What done it?' So I said, 'Well, I knocked it off with the rope when I had the rope in my hand an' it caught over his eye somehow.' Mr. King never did know the differ'nce, but he said, 'What become of the eye?' An' I showed it to 'im layin' over there by 'im. That hoss was so mean, Mr. King wouldn't

have cared much if he'd seen me knock his eye out. Of co'se I hated it, but you know, that broke 'im. He never did try no more tricks with me.

“I had a dun hoss in the same outfit an' it happened in the same year. We was goin' up the trail. It looked like ever' time it come that hoss' time to be rode, the wind was blowin'. I would have a time gettin' my saddle on 'im. There was a big lake called 'Bad Water' an' it was jus' a plum lob-lolly on top. We was camped there. Fin'ly, I got the dun hoss saddled an' got on 'im an' he got his head turned toward that lob-lolly an' pitched right into it. He got in that stuff an' couldn't get out or he couldn't pitch to do no good an' I jus' whipped 'im an' rode 'im. Sometimes he was belly-deep, up to the saddle skirt. Under the soft stuff on top 6 the bottom was firm. After that you couldn't ride 'im near a dark-lookin' place that looked like a mude hole. That broke 'im from hitchin' an' he was plumb gentle. Muddy! When me an' that hoss come out of that lake, you couldn't tell what we was. But the boys them days didn't mind anything like that.

“On that same trip, they was a black mare in our remuda (re-moo-tha, meaning the herd of horses taken along with the cattle on a long drive to serve as fresh mounts for the hands) that brought a colt an' that little scoundrel got to where he would leave the remada when the hosses come to camp an' he would run to the wagon an' get somethin' to eat. He'd eat anything they give 'im, like bacon rinds, briskets, sugar or anything. Once our wrangler (the man in charge of the horses) took sick an' I took his place. Im drivin' the hosses, I noticed that little colt would trail behind the remada, so I got the hidin' beside the trail right where I knowed he'd be comin' along an' I'd lay my rope down on the ground right across the trail an' jus' when he got to it an' was about to step over it, I would jerk it up an' you never say a little fella jump so high. I sure would have fun out of 'im. You can teach things like that to play with you an' they will have so much fun as you do. I raised a wild pig once an' you know when I got it fat, I used to play with it an' it would jump aroun' an' run an' hunt you like a dog.

“They was one thing I was put in this world for was to judge a hoss. I can tell when I look at 'im whether he is any account or not. In the same outfit that I knocked the hoss' eye out, we left a ranch in Victoria County an' I bet you they would be two-hundred-and-fifty Mexkin hosses to cull out, an' I bet they was three differ'nt herds when we was classin' out them hosses. We 7 rode there for about a month. They was an openin' out in front of the pens en' we'd pen them hosses in that corral, an' I don't care what hoss you roped, you had 'im to ride. You'd saddle 'im in the corral an' get on 'im an' thy would open tha gate for you' an' there would be several line riders away out from the pens in that openin' to catch the hosses that got away with the saddles on. I was sho' lucky. I never had one of them hosses to throw me. I don't say it because it's myself, but th' never was a hoss that ever throwed me out of my saddle. I don't mind 'em pitchin' no more'n nothin'. A hoss could outwind me now but if it wasn't for that, no hoss could throw me. I used to have wind enough to stay with the meanest an' toughest, but of co'se I caint do it now.

“Out on the Sol West ranch, th' was a ranch hand there, a colored man or yellow nigger, by the name of Armstead Bankhead. We was gettin' our hosses out of the pen an' he roped a hoss for me to ride. Mr. West said, 'Armstead, since you roped that hoss, you better ride 'im; an' so Armstead got on 'im an' the hoss made two or three jumps an' off Armstead went. He tried it again an' off he went. Fin'ly, Mr. West asked 'im if he wanted to try it again, but Armstead said, 'No, I caint ride that hoss!' I'd been standin' aroun' watchin' it, so I said, “Take your saddle off an' let me show you how to ride that hoss, Armstead!' An' he did. Did that hoss pitch? My goodness! But I rode 'im down. We was headed for Nebraska that trip, I believe, an' we turned the outfit over to another bunch up on the South Platte River.

“It's the prettiest sight on earth when you have a big herd of cattle on the trail an' get 'em to grazin' if a person knows how to shape 'em up. You can ride along an' watch 'em go up a 8 low hill an' it looks like every steer is takin' the same step an' a mouthful of grass at the same time. You couldn't know how pretty that sight is unless you saw it. If it was so I could,

I'd go back to a cattle ranch now where I could see the work go on. Of co'se they aint no more trail drivin', but I like to be aroun' stock.

“I'll tell you something funny happened on that trip where we left the herd on the South Platte River. We was waitin' for the other outfit an' had to graze our herd on the river. That South Platte was a hundred miles long. Mr. Tom Pulliam was first boss an' Mr. Bob Rice was second boss an' one day Mr. Pulliam says to Bob Rice, 'Bob, I believe I'll go on an' hunt some range for the cattle. They've been here long enough, 'an' Mr. Rice says, 'All right.' Along in the evenin' Mr. Pulliam hadn't got in yet an' Mr. Bob says, 'Ben, don't you feel like eatin' some good range meat?' Of co'se I said yes an' he says, 'Well, we'll ride out an' get one this evenin'!' So we saddled up an' rode out an' pretty soon we found a nice fat range heifer an' he took his rifle an' shot 'er. He told me to get down an' bleed 'er an' I did, but when I straightened up an' looked, I saw a rider comin' across the hill an' I sure got restless for I thought it was a range rider. I said to Mr. Rice, “Look yonder, that sure is a range rider an' he's comin' right here!' Mr. Rice says, 'Well, we'll jus' have to put him, hoss an' all in the river. Will you help me?' I was afraid to say no because he was a kind of desperado himself an' if it was a range rider rode up there, I knowed Bob Rice would kill 'im an' put him, hoss an' all in that river.

But it turned out to be Mr. Pulliam. He'd come back to camp an' knowed about where we were. He jus' rode on out to where we was gettin' the meat. I sho' was scared for awhile.

“Once we took a herd up to Dakota an' that trip was the first 'chip races' I ever saw. Them girls up there would run races to see who could pick up the most buffalo chips. They wasn't no wood up there to burn so they used buffalo chips instead of wood. I've cooked with many a chip. Then big old girls could sure gather 'em on them races. They'd have lots of fun, too. They called them people up there 'grangers.' We call 'em 'nesters' down here. They didn't have no fences aroun' their farms an' one day we throwed our herd off to graze. It was on Sunday an' the old granger that owned a certain little place there was

gone to church an' the place was all left alone. The old man had his harness hangin' in a shed an' our cattle was grazin' all aroun' his place, so one old steer got in the shed an' got one of the bridles of the harness hung on his head an' grazed off with it on. About that time, the old granger an' his family come home an' he ordered us off his place. We had a big, black Nigger with the herd an' after 'while, the granger come up to him an' wanted to know who was the boss of the outfit an' the Nigger pointed to me an' told him I was the boss. He come to me an' wanted to know if I was the boss an' I told him no an' pointed to another man close to me an' he went to him. That man told him no, he wasn't the boss an' pointed back to the big, black Nigger an' told 'im that Nigger was the boss. The granger went back to the Nigger and said, 'Are you the boss here?' An' the Nigger said, 'No.' The granger was gettin' pretty mad an' says, 'Well, where in the hell Is the boss?'

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Then he looked over at the steer an' said, 'Now, younder's a steer with one of my bridles on his head an' I want it taken off an' you go do it!' About then, he went to the house an' come out with a great long gun an' that Nigger — he was Paul Boggins — he had to rope that steer to get the bridle an' when eh got it off an' brought it back, the grager said, 'Now, I'll give you ten minutes to get these cattle off this land. This land is mine an' I want 'em off, so you better get 'em off in ten minutes!' We sho' got 'em off too. We never though that was half as funny as the old steer walkin' aroun' with his bridle on.

“You know when we'd take a herd up the trail, we'd sell out hosses, cattle an' all. Then when we went back next spring, you wouldn't know 'em. Looked like they'd grow so much bigger, hosses or cattle either. Stock jus' natchly (naturally) grow bigger up there.

“I fell in love with a Mexkin girl once. They was two of them girls an' they lived on a ranch owned by Ed Daughtery on the Ryo Grand (Rio Grande) an' the caporal (head man) was their father. They was heavy-set, stout girls an' they would help on the general round-ups ever' year. It would be hoss stock an' I reckin they would be a hundred of a hundred an' fifty mares. They would round up an' trim 'em up an' them big, old girls would get in there

with a cabresto (hair rope) an' put it aroun' their waist in a kind of loose loop they held with their left hand so they could turn it loose quick if anything happened. Then they fore-footed them mares with thier right hand. Sometimes they'd throw under an' sometimes overhand an' when one of them mares come by, they never failed to 11 throw that mare. They sho' was ropers. They come down to the pens mostly to keep in practice because they didn't have to work in the pens if they didn't want to but thy liked to do the work an' they fore-footed a mare every time they threw their loop out. It aint whether a man is stout or not, but it's the trick of it, or the [?] sleight of knowin' when to put your weight on the rope at the right minute.

“They called that ranch Laguan Seco an' I believe it was in Hildalgo County. The girls was named Juanita and Antonita Flores. Antonita was the one I fell in love with. There was one or two more boys used to ride over there an' cast their eyes at 'em, but the old folks watched 'em too close to allow much sparkin'. But I was workin' on the ranch an' the old folks got to thinkin' lots of me. Of co'se I had chances to talk to her some. Both of 'em had long black hair an' they were black-eyed an' ride! M-m-m! Then girls could sho' ride. They was good at handlin' may kind of stock. They wore dresses just above the ankles. Oh, yes, they rode in their dresses. They were plain shoes an' never wore a hot if they was workin' in the pens. I used to go by Antonita an' smile an' pass her a sign an' she always answered. I would have married her if I had stayed on there but I was young an' hadn't even joined up with McNally yet an' when I left thee, I drifted farther away an' never did go back. But Antonita stayed in my memory a long time. She was good an' kind an' as pretty as a rose. I thought lots of her an' I knowed she thought lots of me. We used to ride together but most of the time the old man was with us. Sometimes I got to talk to her an' I could slip in a nice word while we were off together. She an' her sister, both, were good cooks an' good 12 housekeepers. They used to bring us cookies an' coffee to the pens when we was workin' an' I tell you, that's sho' fine when you're hot an' tired. They was always neat an' tidy about ever'thing an' they wasn't much for wearin' guns buckled aroun' 'em like some I've seen. Well, they didn't have to. They was plenty of men to do that

an' plenty of men to do the ropin' an' brandin' unless they wanted to help out to keep in practice.

“I knew one woman they said went up the trail. Jack Stockley told me she went up the trail with her husband behind a bunch of cattle and she went in a hack (a two-seated buggy walking two horses). She was the Widow Burk when I first seen her in '76. She was big rich, then. I broke hosses for her while I was breaking hosses for Jim Merryman on the Benqueta Ranch. Her hoss range reached from Fort Ewing to Corpus. She had worlds of hoss range. I don't know how many houses she had an' she didn't know herself. Merryman didn't know how many he had either. I tell you, when we'd start on a hoss hunt them days, or start the general round-up, as far as you could see there would be bunches of mares an' sometimes mixed hosses, maybe some gentle ones in with 'em an' maybe all wild ones. They wasn't no two or three hundred either; it was up into the thousands. After we got through brandin' em, we'd turn 'em out on the range again. We would be out six weeks or two months sometimes. Th' was a pretty good demand for hosses them days on account of this trail drivin'. The Widow Burk had lots of 'em to sell. She was a tol'ably young an' portly-lookin' lady but she never did ride after her stock like lots of women did. I think she had a nephew that stayed with her, but no children of her own, an' the nephew looked after the ranch a lot.

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“Sally Scull was a woman hoss-trader. I never saw anything like her. She wore short skirts — we called it a britch-clout' — but the skirt came below her knees an' her boots reached up to the skirt. She wore a round, beaver-lookin' hat with a throat-latch under the chin, Mexkin spurs an' leather gloves. Then, she had two six-shooters buckled on 'er, one on each side, an' let me tell you, she could sho' use 'em. I've seen 'er put her finger through the trigger-guard an' whirl the pistol aroun' an' aroun' an' then ketch it an' fire at some object an' she never missed. She could shoot as well with her left hand as she could with

her right. She was strictly business too, an' ever'body knowed she'd shoot an' they knowed she wouldn't miss.

“It seems to me that she wore a buckskin outfit. It had that color an' in them days they wore lots of buckskin anyway. I know I had a buckskin jacket myself. She was a right nice-lookin' woman, sort of sandy-haired an' pretty sunburned. She had a pleasin, smile an' she was quiet an' smooth-talkin'. If anything went funny about the hosses an' riders, she always laughed. She didn't weigh more'n 125 pounds, an' them two big old six-shooters didn't seem to bother her a bit.

“She had five or six Mexkin hands with her an' they went into Mexico an' bought hosses an' crossed 'em over the Ryo Grand an' peddled 'em out. As long as she had any hosses on hand, she'd keep a-goin'. She always carried two pack hosses with 'er, one for the beddin' an' one for the cookin' outfit. The hands done the cookin' but as for that, she always made a hand herself. She carried her money with her, an' I reckin she carried it in a morral (nose bag to feed horses in) like other people did then, for she bought up big herds of hosses over in Mexico. She'd generally cross the Ryo Grand between 14 Brownsville an' Bagdad an' she'd have from a hundred an' fifty to two-hundred an' fifty hosses in a caviyard' (cavallard). They has been as many as a hundred an' fifty that I know of. She had hosses, mules, mares an' ever'thing that was salable. I don't know what she got for top prices, but I think top prices for hosses about then was twenty-five dollars. Mr. Merryman got that for top price, but Sally Scull was tradin' in hosses before that. I guess you could get hosses over in Mexico them days for about five or six dollars. Them Mexkins were a big help to her in tradin' over there. She treated 'em good an' they thought lots of her. They would have fought for her right now.

“I heard her say that she had a daughter, but that she sent her away to school. She didn't want the girl to come up to that sort of rough life. I never did see her daughter, but I guess she had one all right for she mentioned her several times. I never did hear her mention her

husband so I don't know whether he was dead or not. She was a character, that woman. Ever'body respected 'er an' I tell you, she wasn't afraid of nothin'.

“Goin' up the trail aint all fun, you betcha. Sometimes they'd come a freeze in late spring an' ketch us an' I tell you we had fun then. We went up the trail generally in the spring, you see, an' I remember one spring we was goin' up with the West cattle an' had a good open spring an' about the middle of April was when we received our herd an' we moved off the ranch to Victoria Prairie. We was goin' to brand out our cattle at the pens an' then the bad weather commenced. We had about one-hundred head of hosses in our remuda an' it commenced rainin' an' freezin'. We had to herd them cattle an' 15 you'd go out to see where your old hoss was an' saddle 'im up, an' it would be so dark you couldn't see 'im but you could hear 'im snort. The wind would be blowin' an' you'd have to drag that old stiff saddle an' blanket up to the old hoss an' the rain would be freezin' almost when it hit. We'd put a bunch of cattle in the pens an' put the road brand on 'em an' it would be burnin' an' hurtin' 'em when we turned 'em out, so they'd take to the river an' swim across an' we had to get across the best way we could to bring 'em back. Well, we'd get that bunch back about the time they turned another bunch out an' the same thing would take place. Our cook on that trip was Pancho Silgaro, an' I tell you he was a cook too. I reck'n he thought we wasn't having' trouble enough so he an' Mr. King went to town after supplies one day. When they got all loaded up, the mules stampeded right in town an' run off with the wagon an' scattered provisions all over Victoria. They had flour, molasses, beans, bacon an' all kinds of stuff mixed up an' scattered for a mile. They fin'ly got most of it gatherd up an' come on out to camp.

“On that trail drivin', we'd start with about twenty-four hands an' they wouldn't have nothin' but expert hands, either. They didn't want no sleepy-heads a-tall. By the time we got to Austin or Gonzales, ever' hand would be tried out, an' if you wasn't pretty good, they'd turn you loose an' hunt some others. We always left the ranch with a couple set' of hands an' when we got to Austin or Gonzales, twelve of the men would turn back to the ranch an' the other twelve would go on with the herd. They'd be six on one relief an' six on the other

relief at nights, but if the cattle got along 16 all right, it would soon be to where two men could handle 'em at night an' let the others rest.

“Some evenin's you could see a little cloud risin' away up in the north an' about dark you could see a little lightnin' danglin' an' then you better look out 'cause that night you would sure hate trouble. On stormy nights like that, I've seen balls of lightnin' danglin' all over the steers' horns an' on them nights, they would almost be sure to run. We always kept some of the cattle stirred up or awake at night 'cause a big herd of cattle will run all night if they're tired an' get to sleepin' too sound. The least racket will stampede 'em. You better never let 'em lay down an' go to sleep an' get quiet; you'll have trouble sure as the world. The boys always sang as they rode round the herd. That was the main thing, to keep a noise going so that no sudden racket would stampede 'em. I used to 'odel' (yodel) aroun' the cattle, but I never was much of a hand to sing. I could whistle an' make all kinds of funny rackets. I could sing “Sam Bass' an' 'Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie,' but when all the hands could 'odel' it sho' was pretty singin'.

“The worst thing you got to watch is a stampede is to keep out of the middle of the herd when you get 'em to millin'. When you get a herd turned an' millin' you can handle 'em then, but you caint hardly stay out of the middle of the herd to save your life. One night after a stampede, Mr. Pulliam rode up on me in the middle of the herd an' he said, 'Who's that?' I said, 'It's Ben?! An' he said, 'What in the hell are you doin' here?' An' I said, 'What are you doin' here?' Then he said, 'Where are we at?" An' when I told him we was in the middle of the herd, he wanted to know how we got there.

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I told 'im how it was when we got to ridin' roun' the herd an' singin' to turn 'em an' how some of 'em fell in behind us an' got to follerin' us, so we fin'ly got in the middle of 'em.

“Another peculiar thing about herdin' at night in case of stampedes in that you want to always build your bed down with your head away from the cattle. Always sleep with your

feet toward the herd. If you don't, an' they stampede, you will get up an' run away from 'em instead of toward 'em ever' time. The thing is to get to your hoss an' get on 'im. Your hoss is always at camp right at the wagon, saddled an' ready to go. The hard was always bedded down about fifty or seventy-five yards away from the wagon. No, you don't never want to run from the herd, but toward 'em when a stampede starts. Pshaw! I never did see a stampede run over a man. I don't know how they ever got that started. Maybe if you got right square in front of 'em before they saw you an' they couldn't turn, they would knock you down and run over you, but I never did see it, an' I reck'n I've seen as many stampedes an any man ever saw.

“I went up the Chisolm Trail five or six times. Charley Word, Blocker, George West, W.G.B. Grimes, Able an' John Pierce was all big trail drivers then. Goin' up the trail you never was out of sight of a herd. The trail was so worn, that the dust would be knee deep to the cattle. You could ride right up to the rear of the cattle an' you couldn't see the cattle for the dust. It sho' was slow goin', but whenever we struck good range where there was grass an' water, we always grazed 'em. If the cattle was strung out good on the trail, the lead cattle would be at least four mile ahead of the rear cattle an' sometimes fu'ther.

“Another thing that don't sound reasonable: Now, when the 18 cattle was on the trail, the steers always had a traveling partner. They always had another steer they run with an' when a steer lost his partner, he always bawled for 'im till he found 'im. They would always hang together unless there was a stampede then they would get back together when they got straightened out. Whenever they would be huntin' one another, you would see 'em raise their heads an' try to get the wind of their partner.

“On long drives without water, I've noticed that cattle can scent water five miles away. I have seen it when we was five or six miles away from water, them old lead steers would start out an' hold their heads up scentin' an' we knowed they smelt water. Them scoundrels would sho' travel. They do some peculiar things. Whenever you see an old cow raise her foot up an' kick back like she was slingin' mud off her foot, it's sho' a good

indication of rain. You know one thing — I aint no hand to guess on rains much, but we aint goin' to have no rain to amount to anything till about January (1938). It's jus' my idea from the way these Gulf clouds are travelin' north. It's a good sign of dry weather when you see them white thunderheads goin' over. I don't look for no rain soon. Yes, they keep goin' over, these white clouds, but they don't bring rain. They'll probably come back full of sand.

“You know, all them trips we went up the trial, we never did have no trouble with Indians. Most all other outfits had a terrible time with the Indians. We always give 'em somethin' to eat when they come to our wagon. We'd give 'em a crippled or a road-foundered steer an' let 'em have it to kill. Them scoundrels, whenever they'd come to the wagon at meal time, you couldn't hand the pan of grub to an Indian to help himself like they do in a cowcamp. If you handed him a pan of meat, 19 hold take the whole pan an' keep it an' wouldn't give the others none of it, either. What he couldn't eat, he'd fix it up an' take it along with 'im. You had to help each one's plate an' pass it to 'im. An' another thing: If one of 'em had anything you wanted to look at, like a bow or arrow, an' you asked 'im to let you see it, then after you examined it an' passed it back to 'im, ever' one of the Indians with 'im would have to examine it an' pass it back to 'im jus' like you did. He'd pass it to ever' one of 'em. I don't know why they done that, but they done that ever' time. An' did you ever know how they ate their beef when they got a steer or cow to kill, or a buffalo either? As quick as they skin 'im, they take them entrails an' run their thumb an' forefinger down the outside of the entrail to press it clean an' then they begin eatin' it while it's hot. Sho' they ate it raw.

“Many a thing could happen out on the trail, or out on the ranch gatherin' cattle. I've had worlds of rattlesnake experiences. One time down here on the Irvin ranch, I seen the biggest snake layin right by the trail, an' befo' I could turn my hoss, he struck. He missed my hoss, but he was so sho, he got 'im, he flopped over on his back befo' he knowed he missed. Whenever they strike anything an' hang their fangs in it, they always flop on their backs to tear their fangs loose. This sho' was a big one. I had a hoss bit later on at the Anderson ranch. The snake hung his fang in my hoss' leg an' he couldn't get loose. His fangs hung an' my hoss reared an' plunged till he stepped on the snake with his hind foot

an' pulled the snake loose. I took him home an' took my pocket-knife an' scarified the place an' then packed salt petre in the cut an' bound it up Then I put kerosene on the place an' it never did swell, I've saved